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# A NEW WORLD:

## An Historical Drama

... OF THE ...

# Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus.

By JOHN NICHOLSON. *Martin*

## CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA.

### CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,

(In Spanish, CHRISTOVAL COLON.)

FERDINAND,	- - - - -	King of Aragon.
JOHN II.,	- - - - -	King of Portugal.
GONSALVO DE CORDOVA,	- - - - -	{ A Spanish Soldier and Friend of Columbus; known as the Great Captain.
JUAN PEREZ,	- - - - -	
LEO AFRICANUS,	- - - - -	Court Astrologer to King Ferdinand.
FRANCISCO BOBADILLA,	- - - - -	Appointed Governor in place of Columbus.
BARTHOLEMEW,	- - - - -	Brother of Columbus.
JUAN FONSECA,	- - - - -	Bishop of Badajos, and Colonial Minister to King Ferdinand.
DUKE OF MEDINA CELI,	- - - - -	A Spanish Grandee.
DIEGO ORTIZ, Bishop of Centa, }	- - - - -	Counselors to the King of Portugal.
COUNT OF VILLA REAL, }	- - - - -	
DIEGO,	- - - - -	Son of Columbus.
ISABELLA,	- - - - -	Queen of Castile and Leon.
PORRAS,	- - - - -	Leader of the Mutineers.

Captain of the Guard, A Court Usher, A Ship Captain, A Ship Officer,  
A Woodman, An Alcalde, A Porter, A Crier. Doctors of the University of Sala-  
manca, Courtiers, Colonists, Peasants, Mutineers, Soldiers, Mariners, Indians, Etc.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Lisbon. Cabinet of King John of Portugal. *Enter King JOHN, Count of VILLA REAL, DIEGO ORTIZ, and attendants.*

*K. J.* My Lord of Villa Real, I wish to ask, What know you of one Christoval Colon? You have had speech with him, if I think right: He here petitions us that he may head A squadron of our ships by paths untrod; And promises by sailing west to find The ocean route to India and the East.

*V. R.* I know him, sire; and knowing him believe

He is the one to suit your purpose best: A Genoese, but long since domiciled Among us; and your loyal subject lives, A life-long navigator, tried and bold. And none more skilled than he has ever trod The deck of ship since ship has sailed the sea. Enthusiast, some have called him, yet I wish We had more seamen with that same good fault.

*K. J.* Well said, my lord, as I am pleased to hear.

Your words are timely spoken, for we have Appointed him an audience today. Is he without? (*to Attendant*) Go bring him in, my lords,

Give him your strict attention, that you may Your strictest judgment of him give to me.

(*Enter Columbus.*)

*K. J.* You are Christoval Colon, the Genoese; A famous navigator, I am told.

*Col.* Yes, Your Highness; It is my name,—I am a Genoese: A navigator from my boyhood, sailing far The ocean seas to all known lands and climes; But not so famous now, or in the past, As by your gracious aid I hope to be.

*K. J.* Yes; Some tidings of your fame upon the seas, And words most kindly spoken to your praise, Have come to us. And now, in outright terms, We will confess, in these adventurous times, Our pressing want is, where to find some bold, Stout-hearted admiral, all-skilled, to lead Our ships through chartless seas, with daring hand,

To steer right onward, and to touch at last The goal of our hopes—and the Antipodes.

*Col.* Such is your need, and I, not vainly, sir, But from conviction and a firm resolve, Will say, I am the man. Believe me, sir, They err who think by sailing cautiously Around the Afric continent to find The India route your seamen long have sought: I am not one who timidly will creep 'Long these near coasts, while hourly sick with fear,

Lest he lose sight of land, or be devoured By those imagined horrors which appal His coward heart, and back to port he comes. Give me but two good ship, well manned and armed,

And with my compass, and my astrolabe, My log and log-book, and the help of God, I'll westward sail a straight and changeless course, And in due time your royal flag will fly In Indian climes, upon the further side Of this round earth.

*K. J.* 'Tis well; and yet what facts have you to prove That this straight westward course, which you would sail,

Would open to our ship the seaward path To lead them to the Indies and the East?

*Col.* One simple fact alone quite plain to you, And all I wish,—that is, this earth is round.

*K. J.* We doubt it not; most surely God would make

No such abortion as a flat, or square, For creatures of his own to live upon.

*Col.* Aye sir, it needs no argument of mine, To demonstrate that single fact to you.

And to your judgment sir, it must seem clear How easily can this westward voyage be made. And when you have in your supreme control A short route to the Indies, through the west, The commerce of the east, a heaving tide Shall pour into your ports its golden spoils: And Portugal shall lead the nations then, In wealth and power, and majesty: Her King Lord of the Indies, Ruler of the seas.

*K. J.* You trace your subject well; but still is left,

To know what terms you ask, if we accept Your offer to adventure in our service?

*Col.* I shall be well reward'd, if I be Your viceroy of the lands I may discover, Your admiral of the seas I shall explore; And with such pay as you, sir, may advise, My services may profit to the state.

*K. J.* We can not give you no or yes, as yet; Some weeks, perhaps a month, shall be our time, And then our will shall be made known to you.

*Col.* And I shall wait impatient for your word. With thanks for this much, sir, I take my leave.

(*Exit Columbus*)

*K. J.* My lords, what think you of him? Is he not

A man of mind and mettle? Bold of heart, Who would pursue his purpose to the end?

*Ortiz.* My duty to Your Highness bids me speak

In plain and candid phrase. I judge him, sire, A man of fancies and vain theories; A man of bold, impossible designs; A dreamer,—one whose gorgeous schemes are all The outflow of a weak disordered brain.

*V. R.* I have said all which I would say of him. I find no need to change my judgment sire.

*Ortiz.* A slight suggestion, sire, which just now comes

Into my thought. It is your privilege, sire, To keep this man awaiting, and hold back Your royal word; and meanwhile let him send To you his charts and papers, laying down The exact westward route which he would steer; And then, sire, to command one of your ships, Quite secretly, to sail by that same route.

*K. J.* There is a bubble in your brain, lord bishop,

At times it bursts and scatters right good counsel: The hint is excellent; it shall be done.

(*Exeunt*)

SCENE II. Lisbon. A Street.

*Enter COLUMBUS and BARTHOLOMEW.*

*Col.* No news have I that is not of the worst: But yesterday, I chanced to meet my friend, The Count of Villa Real, and heard from him

A story that King John dispatched a ship  
To steer my westward route; my very course  
Which by my charts and plans the king had  
learned.

That ship did sail beyond Madiera Isle,  
A wretched fifty leagues, and there apace  
Their craven hearts forsook them, frighted at  
The very winds and waves that God hath made  
Like food and drink to hardy mariners:  
About they put, and in quick haste returned.  
Arrived three days ago, to tell the king,  
In chat'ring accents, a most woeful tale.

*Bar.* Then can it be the King of Portugal  
Would do an act so base and treacherous?

*Col.* Nay, brother, judge not so; but rather think  
It was some crafty counsellor's advice,  
Which led the king to an unmanly act.  
But whether so or not, it all for me  
Is ended now, and with the morrow's sun,  
I go from here; and I shall never tread  
The unfriendly soil of Portugal again.

*Bar.* Where dost thou go, that I may go with  
thee?

*Col.* The Count of Villa Real has given to me  
This letter to a nobleman in Spain,  
Duke of Medina Celi, one who is  
Of Spain's grandees, in stately rank and wealth,  
Supreme among them all; to him I go,  
And what the King of Portugal will not,  
'Tis fair to think the Duke may do for me.

*Bar.* Brother, if my poor services can be  
Of any help, I follow willingly,  
Wher'er it be thy wandering footsteps turn.

*Col.* No, not with me. Remember, thou art  
signed

As pilot on a ship for England bound;  
There see King Henry, and unfold to him  
What I have often told thee of my plans.  
He may be pleased to aid us; and if not,  
'Tis well to have a double hope at once.

(*Exeunt both.*)

SCENE III. A Grove by a Highway, in the South  
of Spain. GONSALVO DE CARDOVA, and a Group  
of Peasants in Holiday Attire. They sing and  
Dance.

*Gon.* Ah, who is this? A traveler on foot?  
Along the highway there, he feebly comes;  
In poor attire, with weary gait, and while  
We are all merry, we should not forget  
The poor wayfarer, who may lack our cheer.  
Ho, sir! bestay your steps, and bide with us.  
This grove of ours is freeland for today,  
To all who will to share our humble sport.

*Col.* I thank you kindly, sir; my way is long;  
My feet are weary, and brief rest I need.

*Gon.* Here is a seat for you; there rest you, sir  
Will be refreshed? Here's bread, and fruit, and  
wine.

'Tis freely yours; drink generous; take some food.  
Do I not know you? Christopher Colon,  
A mariner most famed of all his tribe?

*Col.* Your memory has outlasted mine, good sir;  
You have pronounced my name, and now I wish  
That I could name you, too; and—let me think—

*Gon.* Gonsalvo is my name; of Cardova.

*Col.* Yes, yes; I do remember. It was thou  
Didst sail with me to the Canary Isles;  
A passenger, on royal errand sent,

*Gon.* Three years ago, and I can well recall  
The pleasant and the joyous time it was.  
Dost recollect those evenings on the deck,  
When thou didst tell me of a project vast,  
And thou in time wouldst prove it possible,  
To plunge into the west, and find the east?  
But wherefore art thou stranded here alone?  
If I did spy thee, as it might have been,  
A-swimming in the sea, upon an oar,  
'Twould not seem rare, for then I'd know thou  
wert

In thy right element, and knew thy way.

*Col.* I might reply in kind, and ask thee why,  
A soldier and a courtier thou are here,  
To dance and sing among these peasant folk?

*Gon.* It is no riddle, sir; 'tis easy told:  
This is the estate of one, a high grandee,  
Duke of Medina Celi, and all these  
His tenants, or their sisters, sweethearts, wives.  
This is our Queen's birthday we celebrate,  
With tripping feet, and feasting, joy and song.

*Col.* And may I ask, young sir, for I have use  
For such inquiry, dost thou know the Duke?

*Gon.* He is my uncle; or, to be more strict,  
The Duke's dear spouse is my beloved aunt.  
Therefore, do I have free run of all  
The ducal house and lands; therefore I'm here.

*Col.* Is the Duke's castle in this neighborhood?

*Gon.* There is his castle, sir, two leagues away.  
Thou seest its towers in yonder meadows, where  
The Gaudalquiver flows its shining tide.  
And may I ask, sir, dost thou seek the Duke?

*Col.* Yes;  
On matters of some weight I visit him.

I have this letter to him, trusting it  
To gain his lordship's welcome, if no more.

*Gon.* Wilt thou let me? (*Reads.*) The Count of  
Villa Real,

Unto His Grace, etcetera. Why, sir,  
A royal mandate from King Ferdinand  
Could not procure thee welcome from the Duke  
More to thy taste than that same letter can.  
But come, more wine; fill up thy cup again.  
Now, I will walk with thee, and show thee where  
A cross-path takes us to the Duke's doorway.  
My friends, farewell; the day is not yet spent,  
Dance on, and feast, keep up your merriment.

(*Exeunt Columbus and Gonsalvo.*)

(*Peasants Dance.*)

SCENE IV. Castle of the Duke of Medina Celi.

A Room in the Castle. Enter COLUMBUS and  
the DUKE.

*Col.* If such be your resolve, my time is come  
To start for France. King Lewis yet may be  
The one to bid my withered hope to bloom.

*Duke.* No; say not that, and choose your better  
chance.

Go not to France, but speed to Cardova.

There you shall take my greeting to the Queen.  
(*Gives letter.*)

I pride myself, Her Highness sure will give  
A kindly hearing to the one I bring  
Into her royal notice.

*Col.* I thank you for the letter, yet regret  
That with it, I must seek for aid elsewhere;  
For with your promise, it did seem to me,  
The night of my uncertainty was past.

*Duke.* When I did promise you to fit you out  
With ships to make your westward voyage in,  
I did not well consider, as I should,  
The magnitude and scope of your design;  
For if you did succeed, as I doubt not,  
'Twould take the royal strength to safely hold  
The huge dominions your discoveries  
Would bring to us. How could my loyalty  
Usurp our Queen's authority and right?

*Col.* Your reasoning, sir, is just; I am prepared  
At once to try my fortune with the Queen.

*Duke.* Tarry today, and rest with us tonight,  
And take my godspeed with the early morn.

SCENE V. Cardova. A street.

*Enter COLUMBUS and GONSALVO.*

*Gon.* This is my native spot, my tripping  
ground,

And by my birthright do I bid thee hail!

Hail thou to Cardova! But why is this?

Methought, by this time, thou wert picking up

The golden pebbles on the Indian strand.

Was it not settled that thou wert to sail,

With the Duke's aid, to mate the west and the east?

*Col.* 'Twas so agreed; but then, an afterthought  
Came to the Duke, and—well, I did not sail

*Gon.* Who knows the wind will know the hu-  
man mind;

They shift their course alike, are warm or cold,

Maybe perverse today, tomorrow fair;

And who can tell how changed within the hour?

Did not the Duke, then, have some other part

For thee to act, and hither thou art come?

*Col.* A letter from him to Queen Isabel;

And that, with his good wishes, brought me here

I came and sought my audience with the Queen,

But in her stead, I saw King Ferdinand.

*Gon.* That is, thou comest a hundred leagues to  
hear

A nightingale's soft notes, and only heard

The hooting of an owl? And I'll be bound,

Thou foundst the King fast set in his stern mood:

Cold as an iceberg, formal as a pope,

And cautious as a seaman sounds his way

Along a lee shore in a stormy sea.

*Col.* Thou art not wrong, Gonsalvo, in thy  
guess;

The King did coldly listen while I spoke.

He asked some questions and I answered them,

And all he said was kingly mystery.

With no kind word, nor yet a favoring look.

*Gon.* Sir, let me say, and for thine ear alone,

Expect the next rain drops that fall to earth

To turn to pearls before thou dost expect  
One drop of kindness from King Ferdinand.

*Col.* I well believe it, for his promises

Were strong enough to keep me in suspense;

And but awhile ago, there came to me

One of his courtiers, and a churchman, too,

Tonseca named—

*Gon.* Archdeacon of Seville? I know him, sir,

And wish I could tell something good of him.

I'd rather trust a maniac steer a ship

Around the maelstrom, against wind and tide,

Than have Tonseca as a go-between,

In any suit I might have with the King.

And what did this Tonseca have to say?

*Col.* The King had sent me word that he had  
called

A council of most learned men to meet

At Salamanca, where I must repair,

To turn their scruples and allay their doubts.

They will decide my voyage to the king

*Gon.* Why did the King not call a herd of moles

From out the ground to do that weighty work?

They are no blinder than these learned clowns,

These doctors, and these monks, who will not see

The truth when set before them plain as light.

And thou dost go to Salamanca, when?

*Col.* I start tomorrow, though a month or more

Have I before me; for to one on foot,

The road seems shorter, when the time is long

*Gon.* This counting milestones never is, I know,

A pleasing pastime; but the tired tread

Grows light and lithesome while the ear enjoys

The jingle of the ducats that may stray

Into one's pockets as he toils along.

I hope thou goest well provided, sir?

*Col.* I make the journey only with the means

That God provides, and yet I shall not want.

*Gon.* Thy faith is grand; but pardon me, I pray,

And with all reverence, sir, there's nothing like

A gold-lined purse to draw from in thy need.

There, (*takes out a handful of gold*) put it in the  
purse; that is for thee

There, take it, sir indeed, 'tis but a loan,

Returnable some lucky day, when thou

Hast made thy voyage, and tapped the Indian  
mines.

No doubt I'll need it then, the siren luck

Is fickle in her smiles as in her frowns.

(*Exeunt both.*)

SCENE VI. Salamanca. A Gothic Hall in the  
Convent of St. Stephen. *Enter FONSECA and  
Several Doctors of the University; then enter  
COLUMBUS.*

*Fon.* Senor Colon, we are in readiness,

To hear and judge your case unto the King;

As in the royal presence be it done

With due decorum and due respect.

*Col.* Senor Fonseca, I do ask no hint—

King or King's servant, 'tis alike to me.

Most worthy sirs, and rev'rend gentlemen,

I am obedient to the King's command,

To answer all your doubts, and show you how,

By sailing a straight westward, to gain

The shores of India and of rich Cathay.

*1st Doc.* But tell us, sir, do not the Indies be to  
the eastward of Spain?

*Col.* They do; that I admit with willing words;

For what the dullest urchin knows by heart,

I could not have the folly to deny

*1st Doc.* Then how can you go in one direction

and get to a place in an exactly opposite direction.

Thus, how can you expect to reach this door by  
walking to that door?

*Col.* Open that door, pass out, and keep  
straight on

But long enough, and you will come to this door.

*1st Doc.* Ah! that sounds as a riddle; and if you  
so intend it, we await you to explain it.

*Col.* It simply meaneth that the earth is round;  
Round as an apple hanging out in space.

*2d Doc.* Do you maintain that a ship could sail  
round this earth, and get back to its starting place?

*Col.* It could, sir; nothing easier to be done,  
With steersman skilled and wind to fill her sails;

Just as a fly around the apple crawls.  
It can not bore the center, like a bee,  
In consequence, the fly must walk around.

*2d Doc.* Sir, it is our duty to remind you, that when you declare this earth to be a ball, or globe, hung up in the air, you say what is contrary to the Scriptures. King David and St. Paul both tell us that the heavens are extended over the earth like unto a tent, and resteth on the four corners of the earth. Does that not mean that the earth is a flat body? Therefore is it not scoffing at Holy Writ, to say the earth is round?

*Col.* My rev'rence, and my love, for Holy Writ Are steadfast in my heart, yet do I think,  
That the inspired writers do not speak  
As men of science, seeking to reveal  
Great Nature's secrets, but as moralists,  
And tuned their pens to charm the simplest mind.

*3d Doc.* Now, sir, if you insist that the earth is round, you must also believe in the people called Antipodes, who walk with their feet to ours, on the opposite side of the earth?

*Col.* I do believe it sir; 'would shame the sense Which my Creator hath endowed me with,  
To doubt a thing so rational and plain.

*3d Doc.* Then hear what St. Augustine saith :  
(*Reads.*) Is it possible that any one can be so foolish as to believe there are people living on the under side of the earth, who walk with their heads hanging down, and their heels in the air? Where the trees grow with their branches downward? And æhere it rains, hails and snows upward?

*Col.* Most learned sir, I give not place to you,  
Or any of these rev'rend gentlemen,  
In my respect for words of wisdom writ  
By the devoted fathers of the church;  
Yet do I count them, that they have the force  
Of pious homilies, nor more than that  
And God who doeth all things wise and well,  
Would not create a topsy-turvy world.  
So those Antipodes live on, and thrive,  
As we, in our condition, do the same.

*Fon.* Senor Colon, let us be frank and plain.  
We listen well to all you say to us,  
And your replies are more like harsh retort;  
But sneering words melt not our doubts away:  
You say these things are so, yet give no proofs;  
You can do this, or that, yet state no facts.

*Col.* Senor Fonseca, scientific truths  
Are theories, until some lucky stroke  
Of practice, or experiment, makes them facts;  
And if I wait for proof, some other hand  
Will seize the honor which I covet most.  
You speak of sneers, and if you call it scorn,  
Or school-boy logic, you would strike it true.  
The earth is round, who doubts it, simply doubts  
Wis own good sense, and God's omniscience, too.  
What hinders, then, to travel round this earth?  
What else than distance, energy and time?  
Get rid of that, till not an inch is left.

If you have traced, with studious care, the globe,  
With all the known world mapped upon it, which  
Ptolemy, the Egyptian, gave to us,  
You have observed how near the extreme coast  
Of India, or of Asia, as you will,  
Lies west, and just across from Europe's shores:  
And you, perhaps, have read the famous book,  
Which Marco Polo, a Venitian, wrote;  
And tells therein of wondrous journey made,  
Unto Cathay, a thousand leagues beyond

The farthest point by Ptolemy laid down.  
How short must be the distance, then, between  
Your western frontier, the Canary Isles,  
And the most eastward stretch of Asian lands?  
So that a ship, by sailing westward hence,  
Would soon traverse that brief dividing space.  
A straight and changeless course, a few months' time,

Would take us to the Indies—

*4th Doc.* I would interrupt you, sir, to ask a simple question: If we grant you that the earth is round, then; while you are making your westward trip to the Indies, as you say, would you not be sailing down hill? And how would you ever get back again? For how can a ship sail up hill?

*Col.* It could not, sir; I would rejoice if that Were all the uphill work I have to do.

*5th Doc.* And sir, doth not Epicurus say, that the two halves of the earth are divided by the torrid zone, where the waters of the ocean are kept boiling hot, by the intense heat of the sun? And they who venture there are quickly scorched to death?

*Col.* I do regret it, but can not agree  
With Epicurus, for myself hath sailed  
Far as the Guinea Gulf, which lieth in  
The depth and center of that torrid zone;  
And there the sea is ever mild and cool,  
As summer waves that lap the coasts of Spain.

*Fon.* Reverend brothers, we have heard enough.  
Senor Colon, you shall be promptly told,  
If we should need to hear from you again.

*Col.* Senor Fonseca, when we next shall meet,  
Be it for better trial of our skill.

(*Exeunt Columbus.*)

## ACT II.

SCENE I. The Spanish Camp at Seville.

*Enter COLUMBUS and GONSALVO, as Soldiers in Half Armor.*

*Col.* No, no; this trade of war is not for me.  
I do my little share not with the zest  
As you trained soldiers do partake of it;  
Nor would I wear this armor, but it is  
Our Christian duty, all should do their part  
In armed venture for our holy faith.

*Gon.* And yet how nimbly canst thou change thy garb;  
The soldier puts the seaman quick aside,  
Or, presto! back again, if need should be.  
I've seen thee fight the Moors as valiantly  
As thou wouldst tussle with the winds and waves.

*Col.* Gonsalvo, I have rung thy metal well;  
There's no alloy of flattery in thy speech:  
Thy praise is pleasant; yet thou knowest, too,  
War can be made a rare diversion. when  
It doth relieve a weary waiting spell:

*Gon.* And still no tidings come to thee from Court,  
How that wise council did advise the King?

*Col.* Three years of waiting, yet no word to say  
How they decided, whether well or ill.

*Gon.* Just like King Ferdinand; talk not to him  
Of science and religion; give him proofs  
Of gain a million fold, and he'll catch on.  
Who have we here? Fonseca, is it not?  
King's messenger with news for thee, perhaps.

(*Enter Fonseca.*)



*Fon.* Gentlemen, my kind greeting to you both.  
 Senior Colon, a message from the King  
 Since sunrise, I have sought you through the camp.

*Col.* And I, most reverend sir, have waited long,  
 Quite three years, for a message from the King

*Fon.* Your ear apart; 'tis privately for you.

*Col.* Say as you please; this Gentleman  
 Can share my secret, for he is my friend.

*Fon.* The King doth bid me thus to say to you:  
 The council hath decided to the King,  
 Your scheme is rash, impractical and vain.  
 Then saith the King: The times do not allow  
 That he engage in such wild enterprise.  
 The war being over, and the treasury full,  
 It then may be his wish to treat with you.

*Col.* I have your message; for your trouble, sir,  
 You have my thanks. *(Exeunt Fonseca.)*

*Gon.* 'Tis as I looked for, and of all the fools  
 That God lets live on this fool-ridden earth,  
 A bookish fool by far outranks them all.

*Col.* There is the pity, but we can believe  
 That they have done their duty to the King.  
 As, in their blinded ways, it seemed to them.

*Gon.* Their duty to the King? Ay! it is so;  
 Just as the King would have them do for him.  
 But why has not Queen Isabel a choice?

Is not the Queen a sceptered sovereign, too?  
 Is not her sway as great as Ferdinands?

No road so long, they say, but comes a turn,  
 To lead one straightforward to his destiny.  
 So there's a time for thee, and it will come,  
 When thou hast had thy hearing with the Queen;  
 For she whose reign is as mild as summer's morn,  
 Is wise and just as Solomon the great;  
 Star of her sex, illustrious among men,  
 With all of heaven's rarest gifts to make  
 A peerless woman, and the noblest Queen.

*Col.* My present chance has slipped and turned  
 from me,

And I shall try no further; no, not now.

I journey hence, and only go to find

A far-off place, awhile to rest and think;

And after that for me, God knoweth where.

*(Exeunt both.)*

SCENE II. In the South of Spain, toward Palos.

A wretched room in a wayside hovel.

*COLUMBUS and his son DIEGO discovered asleep on  
 a mean straw bed. The scene dissolves into a  
 sparkling sea, with an island, or land, in the midst  
 thereof. The sun is just setting over the land.*

*Enter GODDESS OF FAME and her train of  
 Nymphs. They circle round COL., and chant:*

Soft thy slumbers, sweet thy dreams;  
 All shall yet be as it seems.  
 But a short while, keep thou on;  
 All thy sorrows then are gone.

Bold and earnest do thy part;  
 Let no trials turn thy heart:  
 God appoints thee, He who can,  
 There the ocean, thou the man.

Know thy duty, make thy quest;  
 Seek that Farland in the west:  
 In the ages, child of fame,  
 Kings shall envy thee thy name.

*(Exeunt Goddess and train.)*

*(A strain of soft music, and Columbus awakes.)*

*Col.* My dream again, and it will always come,  
 Whether the flush of joy throbs in my heart,  
 Or disappointment, misery and grief,  
 Have probed my veins, and left their chilling sting.  
 It fills my sleep, and haunts my waking hours;  
 Yet is my solace and my calm delight,  
 In dreary moments, and through weary years.  
 Amid adversity, with days and nights  
 Of poverty, distress, and all the ills  
 That these can bring upon a sorrowing mind,  
 My faith in that great future yieldeth not  
 One instant to the weakness of despair.  
 In our affliction, when the pulse beats low,  
 In utter woe, or deep despondency,  
 Still joy upsprings in thoughts of happier times;  
 And hope responds, sweet daughter of the skies,  
 With outstretched wings and radiant lips that smile  
 To cheer alike the beggar or the king.  
 Come, come, my boy! wake up! 'tis break of day,  
 And we must go; we can not linger here.  
 Arouse, thee, lad! we must be on our route!

*(Diego awakes.)*

Thou hast slept soundly, too, though rough thy  
 couch.

*Die.* Yes, father, I have slept the whole night  
 through;

But once I woke, and then I thought I heard  
 The sweetest music. Didst thou hear it sir?

*Col.* 'Twas but a dream, my child. Here is thy  
 cap;

Now put it on, thou seest. I have my staff;  
 We will take up our journey one more day.

*Die.* Oh, father! we have walked so many days;  
 Shall we have more to walk, when this is done?

*Col.* In two days more, my lad, our journey ends.  
 'Tis not so far, and I will help thee on;  
 The morn is bright; the air is fresh and sweet.  
 Dost hear the birds a-singing in the trees?  
 There where the brook is babbling we shall drink;  
 And fear not, lad, but I will find thee food.

SCENE III. South of Spain, near Palos. A by-  
 road through a forest.

*Enter a WOODMAN, with an axe.*

*Wood.* Well, I've had my dinner. What means  
 that to a rich man? Nothing! What means it to  
 a poor man like me? Every'ing! What is eating  
 to a rich man? A habit. What is it to me? A  
 necessity. Does the rich man's habit make him  
 stronger, healthier, and happier, than my neces-  
 sity makes me? I hear the King has chicken pie  
 for dinner every day. Now; does the King enjoy  
 his chicken pie more than I do my dinner? Not  
 at all! The King's dinner is not seasoned with  
 hunger. For what right has the King to be hun-  
 gry? Therefore, in one very important instance, I  
 am luckier than the King; for I was born hungry.  
 Besides, the King's chicken pie is only one course,  
 while I have just had a dinner of six courses, name-  
 ly: first course, hunger; second course, a piece of  
 bread; third course, one onion; fourth course, a  
 bunch of raisins; fifth course, a jug of water; sixth  
 course, contentment. But what do I see? A man  
 coming along this road? The first human being  
 who has passed this place since I've been working  
 here, this month gone by. And this one's lost his  
 way, or he wouldn't be here. An old man, and  
 silver-haired? Dressed like a poor man, and walks  
 like a lord! He leads a child by the hand. I'll  
 speak to him.

(Enter Columbus and Diego.)

Wood. Good day to you, most kindly, sir!

Col. Good day to you, my friend. And can you tell

Where this road leads to, and how far from here Until we come to some man's dwelling place?

Wood. Just keep this road, sir, for several miles farther, and you'll come to nowhere. But I dare to say, that is not the place you are looking for. I'll make a guess you've strayed from your path. This is a by-road, sir, and you left the highway two miles above! Did you not, sir, and turned off into this?

Col. Where the road forked, not knowing which to take,

As chance directed me, I took the right.

Wood. Sir, if you had kept the left, you would have been right, and you would be on the road to Palos now.

Col. And can you point us out a place near by, A fountain, or a stream, where we may drink? This little lad is faint with heat and thirst.

Wood. It is a sorry thing to say, sir, yet right about here, it is as dry as a desert. Not a drop of water, sir, within a mile. I bring mine in a bottle, and here, you see, not a drop left. If there was, sir, it would all be yours. And this basket, where was my dinner half an hour ago,—empty as a preacher's purse, or a politician's promise.

Col. My thanks to you, my good friend, for your kind will.

Can you direct me whither I shall find The nearest habitation from this place?

Wood. The nearest, sir, will be the monastery, called LaRobida, and there the good prior Juan Perez will be your friend. Round by the highway, sir; it is a good five miles, but I know of a path which will take you there in not half that distance. Here, sir, I will show you. (Exeunt.)

SCENE IV. The gate of the Monastery of La Robida.

Enter COLUMBUS and DIEGO.

Die. O tell me, father, what great house is this, So dark and gloomy? Shall we stop here, sir?

Col. We shall, my child; this is the place to find The food, and drink, and rest, I promised thee.

(Knocks at the gate.)

(Enter Porter [from within]. Opens gate, and looks out.)

Por. Who knocks?

Col. A poor man, not to tax your bounty, friend, But craves some means to help this hungry boy; A cup of water, and a little bread.

Por. Your wants are quite moderate, and bread and water make a cheap and wholesome diet; and if that be all, you shall soon be satisfied. Wait there till I fetch it.

(Exeunt Porter, closing gate. [Columbus and Diego withdraw.] Enter Juan Perez.

Perez. (Aside.) A stranger, and he seems way-worn and sad;

His dress is poor, yet noble is his look:

A shabby coat may hide a manly heart

Then let me see—good morrow to thee, sir.

Thou standest here apart; make known thy wants, And we will do for thee as best we can.

Col. I stayed, sir, but to ask in charity, Some bread and water for this suffering lad. He is athirst and hungry; I have not

Wherewith to pay for such slight nourishment.

Perez. Ah! sir; talk not of pay. This house was built

A biding place for weary ones like thee.

Rest and refreshment shall be thine to have, As freely as our God doth give to us.

I am the Prior, sir, and high or low

Are in these walls alike. Come in with me.

(Exeunt both.)

(Re-enter Porter, with huge loaf of bread, and a bucket of water.)

Por. Here's your rations. Now you can fill up for a week, past, or future, as it may be. I had a tight time to get it, I can truly tell ye. Our cook is new one, and a cranky fellow is he. Contrary as Dick's hat band, you've read about: too long to go round once, and not long enough to go round twice. Let me give ye some advice which I once heard from a wise woman:

"When you are thirsty, drink your water slow, And all the quicker will you quench your thirst." So much for wisdom, and now for your free lunch. What! nobody here? There was an old man here just this minute ago, and a little boy. Skipped are they? Well, if they're gone, then I'm left. So is this lot of provisions. I had to touch the cook for it, and now the cook may crack his heels at me, for what am I to do with it? However, I can stow it away for the next beggar that comes along. (Exeunt.)

SCENE V. A room in the Monastery of La Robida.

Enter COLUMBUS and JUAN PEREZ.

Perez. I have just had this letter from the Queen;

Hear how her highness graciously doth write:

(Reads)

"To his reverence, Juan Perez, Prior of the Monastery called LaRobida:

"The Queen sends this greeting, replying to the letter which came to her from you. The Queen has heard most excellent reports concerning the renowned navigator, Christoval Colon, whom you so favorably mention to her; and she regrets he was not presented to her, when, as we learn from you, he was lately at our court. The Queen is pleased to grant Christoval Colon her full consent, and doth herewith send him her kind summons to come at once to her presence at Sante Fe.

(Signed) "YSABELL."

Though haughty courtiers, in their jealous pride, Have shut thee from the presence of the Queen, Thou hast her summons now, and have no fear; Our Queen of Castile she who is the soul Of goodness and of justice, knows no bar Twix rich and poor; the humblest of the earth Can win her ear as easy as a prince.

Her Highness likewise lends this purse to thee, To help thee on thy journey to her court:

Thy way is plain; so hasten to the camp, Before Granada, there to meet the Queen

Col. With strength renewed, with joyful heart, I go;

And now, my friend, take thou my gratitude, In poor return for noble deeds to me, Since underneath this hospitable roof, I came aweary, and thou madest me strong. God's peace to thee, and may we meet again.

*J. P.* If our good Queen should grant me as I ask,  
From our port of Palos thou shalt sail;  
And thus our parting shall be but a while.  
(*Exeunt both.*)

SCENE VI. Granada. Pageant of the Surrender of Granada.

*Then enter COLUMBUS.*

*Col.* What is all this to me, this shining pomp?  
And this tumult of joy through all the camp?  
This flash of arms and banners, and the din  
Of chargers, and of trumpets, in the streets?  
Am I not glad as they who make this noise,  
To see our blessed cross' triumph at last?  
Yet what to me the glory of this day?  
Men may delight in stirring notes of war,  
The clarion peal, the bellowing of the drum,  
The swelling anthem sound of victory;  
But all this martial clangor dulls my ear,  
And warms no drop of blood in all my veins.  
No heart can beat more loyally than mine;  
Yet why should it be thrill of joy to me,  
To listen to the plaudits, and the shouts,  
Of soldiers, and of populace, to hail  
The victor sovereigns tamplling, as they ride  
The blood-smear'd trophies of these bitter wars?  
And why am I amid all this display,  
The gawd and glitter of the court and camp?  
Part of the greedy crowd that daily swarms  
To touch the palace portals, and to gaze  
On royalty resplendant from afar?  
Still must I linger, linger, but to crave  
A sov'reign's word but as the meanest might,  
On abject knee, beg for the royal nod  
(*Enter Gonsalvo.*)

*Gon.* Art blind and deaf, that thou dost hide thyself;  
Must all this glorious pageant pass thee by.  
Unseen, unheard? While every eye and ear,  
Save only thine, is strained abroad to catch  
The sights and sounds of this great jubilee?  
Dost see the Christian banner? There it waves,  
Upon the gay Alhambra's tow'ring heights:  
Then why not in a jovial mood, my friend,  
On this fair morning of this day of days?

*Col.* Ah, no, Gonsalvo; it is not my choice  
To be as I appear; and I most wish  
That I could have such merry mood like thine.

*Gon.* But cheer thee, sir, the wars are over now;  
Was it not said to thee, when I was by,  
That when this very time was come to pass,  
The sovereigns would be pleased to treat with thee?

*Col.* 'Tis true, Gonsalvo, such was said to me:  
And though the time they named is now at hand,  
Was not some hard condition mentioned else,  
Where means and inclinations bore a part?

*Gon.* The treasury be full? And what prevents  
An overflowing royal purse just now?  
With all these ransoms, heaping mines of wealth,  
Besides the rich array of Moorish spoils?  
I have a thought, and I can serve thee yet:  
I know a man, and although he is not  
A statesman, or a counselor, yet sways  
The kingly mind in some affairs of state,  
As courtiers by the hundred can not do.  
I'll see that man, and he shall see the king.  
(*Exeunt both.*)

SCENE VII. Granada. An Astrologer's Cell.  
*LEO AFRICANUS alone.*

*Leo.* While all the world is teeming full of fools,  
The low, the high, from peasant up to Pope;  
What need the wise man do but let his brain  
To profit by their foolishness to thrive.  
The King could make these safe predictions, too,  
If he would mix some judgment with some sense,  
And save thereby his ducats to himself.  
Then if the King will condescend so far,  
And call for my counsel while he turns  
A deafened ear to his own ministers,  
'Tis all the more for me: Behold the fruits  
(*Takes out bag of gold.*)  
Of seed well planted in a chosen soil?  
Is any sound more charming to the ear?

(*Knock at the door.*)  
Somebody knocks? (*puts away gold*) Another fool? Come in! (*Enter Gonsalvo.*)

*Gon.* Ah! thou art here; hard at thy mystic lore;  
Deep in the mysteries of thy wondrous craft;  
Star-gazing man of science? Thou who art  
So gifted, thou canst send thy piercing glance  
Into the bosom of futurity,  
And read time's secret like an open book;  
And thou so pale? So thin? And is it, then,  
This pond'rous wisdom wastes thy flesh away?  
Unlike most men, thou dost not want the earth;  
But give thee all the stars the sun, and moon,  
And comets one or two, and thou art fixed.

*Leo.* Senor Gonsalvo, I prostrate myself  
Before your almost Highness; and if I,  
In my poor way, can do you ought of good,  
My humble services are yours to have.

*Gon.* You will please me, while you do serve the King.

*Leo.* Most heartfelt loyalty! How well I love  
To hear such noble burst of gen'rous pride,  
The manly spirit which doth look beyond  
All self, to glorify the King!

*Gon.* Come, cease your mock humility, and say  
If you will do for me as I may ask?

*Leo.* First state your pleasure, sir, that I may know

If I can undertake to do your wish.

*Gon.* And why so modest? You who know it all,—

The past, the present, and the things to come,  
Ought well to know, beforehand, of my tongue,  
What I have on my mind to say to you;  
But down to business, now, and it is this:  
I have a friend, one Christoval Colon,  
Who sues the King and Queen to fit him out  
With ships to find the Indies:—You have heard?

*Leo.* I've seen the man; vain dreamer, he is called;

With visionary scheme to pierce the west,  
And find some land that God has not yet made;  
At whom the children touch their foreheads thus,  
And people shake their heads as he goes by.

*Gon.* And theirs the fault, if they have not got the sense

To comprehend his greatness and his worth;  
And if you, likewise, follow in their train,  
It only shows where you are lacking, too.  
Now, listen, and I soon will show you how  
You can help him, please me, and serve the King:  
The King consults you, often, as I know  
He starts no enterprise until you have

Laid bare the future, and have shown to him  
The event itself, before old Father Time  
Has had a chance to say how it shall be,  
Then, when the King commands you to foretell  
The outcome of this western voyage, you can  
Pile on success until it reach the skies;  
Create a world of wonders in the west,  
Heaped up with jewels, pearls, and chunks of gold;  
Or such like fairy tale to tempt the King.  
Now, do you this,—and here is your reward.

(Offers him gold.)

Leo. (Taking the gold.) If I accept the risk,  
and so the King  
Accepts my counsel, and your friend should fail?  
Gon. There's more for you, and two-fold more  
again,

Soon as my friend shall sail; and trust to him,  
He will not let the stars go back on you.

Leo. I yield me to your pleasure, noble sir;  
To help your friend quite as I serve the King.

Gon. A bargain, then; and while I do my part,  
Do not forget, I can play trick for trick.

(Exeunt Gonsalvo.)

Leo. It is not hard; so I will keep my word:  
I love his gold, and fear his fiery zeal,  
More than I fear to disappoint the King.

(Exeunt.)

(Scene shows the Alhambra by moonlight.)

## ACT III.

SCENE I. Granada. An Apartment in the Alhambra. Night. KING FERDINAND alone.

Fer. I would that he was not born to wear  
The jeweled thing we call a royal crown,  
And thinks the King, in his exalted state,  
Is proof against all human ills and pains:  
I would that he could taste of princely woes,  
And gladly, then, take back his lowly life,  
To have with it its freedom and its peace.  
Yet fortunate am I, that I can find  
My fill of happiness in busy toil  
Blest is the King who has his cares made light  
By upright ministers, whose wisdom serves  
To banish doubts, and all perplexities,  
Which harder press the burden of the state:  
But I, the King, must bear the weight alone;  
For where are they, these servants of the King,  
The wise and faithful ones whom I may trust?  
When they are not, what then is left for me!  
Myself to be my only minister.  
Happily for the state, my ways are true.

(Three knocks at door, repeated.)

Aha! one trusty counselor: Come thou?  
(Enter Leo Africanus, from behind the King,  
and makes mock obeisance to him.)

And is it thou, good Leo? Show thyself.

Leo. 'Tis I, your Majesty: Permit me, sire,  
To greet you by that higher title, which  
The Holy Pontiff hath decreed to you.

Fer. Leo, that title is another step  
In kingly grandeur, but it aids me not  
In any portion of my kingly task.  
But hast thou calculated and observed  
The forecast, as I ordered thee to do?

Leo. And truly, sir, I have; and, be you sure,  
You could not hope for signs more favorable,  
If you would try that seaward venture now.

Fer. Then it would bring conclusion fortunate,  
With little risk to me, if I should send

This expedition to the western seas?

Leo. And such the outcome, sire, as shown to  
me:

The stars that in their mighty courses roll,  
And rule the destinies of mortal men,  
Proclaim some grand event at hand for you:  
The same o'ermastering forces that were joined  
At your nativity, and, sire, for once  
Strove in your favor when Granada fell,  
Are gathering now in greater strength for you:  
And Saturn, and the Moon, and Mercury,  
In close conjunction, meaneth to you, sire,  
A vast increase, unto your royal state,  
Of power, dominion, dignity and wealth.

Fer. Thou hast thy task well done; and glad  
am I

Thine art affords one means to aid the king:

Here's for thy pains, good Leo: so, good night.

(Leo retires behind the King, bows mockingly to  
him, and exeunt. Exit Ferdinand.)

SCENE II. Granada. An Ante-chamber in the  
Alhambra. A group of Courtiers lounging in  
fine attire.

Enter COLUMBUS, and stands retired. Then enter  
GONSALVO OF CORDOVA, from opposite side.

1st Court. Ha! here's our old navigator again;  
I did think he had gone somewhere to find the  
sunset.

2nd Court. Or the Land of Nod.

3rd Court. Or searching the Red Sea for Pha-  
raoh's chariot wheels.

4th Court. No; they tell it now, he's going to  
climb the North Pole, to find a pathway to the  
Moon.

1st Court. He must be on his way soon, or he'll  
never get anywhew. By my faith, I have seen  
him at the King's door every day for this seven  
years.

Gon. (Advancing.) Your pardon, gentlemen,  
but truth must out;

Your words are most unkind, and rudely said,  
To one who, both in age and quality,  
As in all else, deserves your courtesy.

1st Court. We waste our courtesy on a vaga-  
bond?

Gon. There, sir, you lie, and with a saucy tongue;  
What! draw on me? Then take it, if you will.

(Draws.)

(Enter Usher and separates them.)

Ush. How, gentlemen! Would ye quarrel, and  
draw swords under the King's roof, and in the  
King's hearing? Sheath your swords! I command  
you, in the King's name.

Gon. Another time and place, and then your  
luck

May not be there to serve you quite so well.

Col. Gonsalvo, let it rest; this foolish man  
is quite unfit to measure swords with you.

Gon. My purpose here has gone somewhat  
astray;

The King and Queen announce their pleasure, sir,  
And wait your coming in the audience hall.

(Exeunt Columbus and Gonsalvo.)

Ush. Now what can ail your pulse today? Are  
you so weary of life, you must rush upon the deadly  
thrust of the best swordsman in all Spain? Why,  
man, he'd carve you in the most artistic style, be-  
fore you could say that one word, "Enough!" He'd

split you on that keen toledo of his as easy, and as quick as you might spear a dead sparrow with a pin. Why, if you should be so rash as to die by that man's sword, the priest would deny you burial in consecrated ground, for he would adjudge you guilty of the four sins of suicide. Come, sirs, your duties are with me.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. Granada. An Audience Hall in the Alhambra. KING FERDINAND and QUEEN ISABELLA in State, with Courtiers, Guards and Other Attendants.

*Enter COLUMBUS and GONSALVO.*

*Isa* Senor Colon, it is our pleasure, now, To give you candid hearing of your cause.

*Col.* I thank you, Royal Madam; I am here To word myself to please Your Majesties.

*Fer.* First tell us, sir; have you summed up the cost

Of this great venture, which you now propose? Granting success, what may we count on then, For gain unto our subjects and ourselves?

*Col.* The cost? A trifle, a mere nothing, Sir—A paltry sum, an atom that will roll Into a golden lump the world shall envy. When I have won this pathway of the sea, The westward route to India shall be yours: Whole squadrons of your ships shall draw from thence

A swelling stream of commerce to your shores: Such like the merchant princes of old Tyre, In wildest dreams of riches, never knew; Gold, pearls, and gems, and spices, precious stuffs, Which the Venetians and the Genoese, These centuries past, have kept unto themselves— Shall all be yours, in an unending flow, To fill your marts with trade, enrich the state, To give your subjects all prosperity; And Spain shall wield, within her single grasp, The power none shall match, on sea or land. 'Tis commerce most that makes a nation's strength: The men of Greece and Rome were merchants first, Before they learned to conquer by the sword: But pardon me, if my poor words may sound Like gorgeous vision to a dreaming mind; To me, it seems the appointed time is come, When God at length ordains these things to be: Give me but one ship, if you will no more, With leave to steer mine own unvarying course, I'll plant your standard on the Antipodes, And, by God's grace, I'll make the west the east.

*Isa.* You promise earthly glory? Will that be The better end of all your hopes and plans? And is it, then, no part of your design, The act to glorify our Holy Faith, In lands beyond the pale of Mother Church?

*Col.* Your Majesty, you touch my inmost thoughts:

Pontiff, and pious sovereigns, have declared, Their zealous wish to bring into our faith The monarch whose great empire doth comprise The richer parts of Asia, whom we name The Grand Khan, King of Kings, Lord of the East; The ruler of the heathendom, whose coasts Shall be the first whereon my ships shall touch: And it would be to me my highest aim, And if so God shall will it, I may be The first to give this Pagan potentate

Our blessed gospel of good will to men.

*Isa.* Such noble courage merits our high praise; And true success must crown such holy scheme.

*Fer.* If we appoint you Captain of our Fleet, To sail the west, and find the India route, Upon what terms will you this voyage make?

*Col.* Thus, royal sir, and madam, I do ask My recompense, that you commission me, Your Viceroy of the Indies, or the lands Which I may add unto the crown of Spain; And your High Admiral of the ocean seas; A tenth part of the gain that shall be yours, By conquest, or by commerce may be mine: While I may bear a tenth part of the cost.

*Fer.* Your terms are quite immoderate for us, Who never yet have granted from the throne, The titles and authority you ask:

They are too near the royal dignity, And much beyond where subject may aspire.

*Col.* Sir, be if so; I can not change my terms: 'Twould be no more than fit return to me, For all the profit I shall give to Spain.

*Fer.* Then we regret that you should make your choice

So far above our means to satisfy.

*Col.* If good or ill to me, my terms are fixed: Your royal pleasure I shall further wait.

(*Exeunt Columbus.*)

*Isa.* Retire without, for we would be alone:

(*Exeunt Attendants.*)

And is there naught betwixt this man and us, That we may send him forth, with ships and men, More than his terms of service suit thee not?

*Fer.* It suits me not, our servant shall usurp Our royal right to name his rank and pay.

*Isa.* Then is that all of his offense to us?

If we allow him that which he demands, And if, perchance, he should return to us With but report of failure,—could we not Annul his titles and authority, With all the ease which we his warrant sign? And if it pleases God that he succeed, Then would it not be compensation great, For simple name of Admiral and Viceroy? And for his tithes of gain, he hazards all,— All that is his—fame, fortune, life itself.

*Fer.* 'Tis well, thy mind is rich in wisdom as Thy woman's soul o'erflows with sympathy: Though I believe his voyage will bring forth Results most fortunate of all our time; Yet how can we endure this froward man, Whose lofty spirit may o'erleap our will?

*Isa.* Then leave the charge to me alone, and I, The Queen of Castile, will commission him; He shall be my Viceroy and Admiral, Beneath my flag of Castile, he shall sail: And if no other means I can provide, Then I will pledge my jewels for the cost Of fitting out for him his armament. Wilt thou not thus decide for me, my lord?

*Fer.* I grant to thee all my consent, my love; Thou hast it to thyself: do as thou wilt.

(*Exeunt both.*)

SCENE IV. Granada. A Street.

*Enter COLUMBUS and FONSECA.—Meeting.*

*Fon.* Sir Admiral, I greet you from the Queen: I am most happy, sir, to hail you, first, By that high title, which most worthily, Their Catholic Majesties bestow on you.



*Col.* To God and to the Queen my thanks are due;

Now that the worst is over, I have but  
To sail my course straight forward to the west,  
That I may win the Queen her best reward.

*Fon.* The King likewise to you his greeting sends,

With the command that you at once repair  
To Palos, that no moment go to waste,  
Between the present and your sailing time.

*Col.* 'Tis named within this warrant whence I sail;

There is no need of haste thee from the King.  
I have delayed but as the King decreed,  
Full seven years beyond my sailing time.

SCENE V. Palos. In front of the Church of St. George. Flourish of Trumpets.

*Enter CRIER and citizens.*

*Crier.* Hear ye! hear ye! ye men of Palos, as it is commanded by their Most-Catholic Majesties, Ferdinand of Aragon, and Isabel of Castile and Leon, by the grace of God, King and Queen of the United Spains, namely: That ye furnish our well-beloved servant, Don Christoval Colon, our Viceroy and Admiral, with two armed ships, fully manned, equipped and provisioned, for a twelve months' voyage: And these to sail in whatever direction the said Don Christoval Colon, under our royal authority, may command: And these to be ready for sea within ten days after ye have heard our royal pleasure herein declared. And be it remembered, that these two armed ships, fully manned and equipped, are the same due to us for one year's service, from our Port of Palos, for certain misdemeanors already known to ye, against our sovereign authority.

Moreover, it is commanded, that ye aid the said Don Christoval Colon to fit out a third ship at his own cost, and in such manner as he may direct.

It is furthermore commanded, that all mariners serving us on board these three ships, shall obey and respect said Don Christoval Colon, as our Admiral and Viceroy.

Let these things be done, or fear ye the pains and penalties of disobedience to our sovereign will.

Decreed by us, at our Palace of the Alhambra, in our royal city of Granada, on this day, the 30th of April, in the year of our Blessed Lord one thousand four hundred and ninety-two.

Hear ye! hear ye! men of Palos, and take heed that ye obey.

*(Flourish of Trumpets. Exeunt.)*

SCENE VI. The Cabin of Columbus' Ship. Midnight. COLUMBUS alone.

*Col.* Eight hundred leagues from the Canary Isles;

Ten weeks of sailing, yet no land is cried:  
And can it be the earth's circumference  
May quite exceed the limit of my thought?  
But for myself, I care not, for I know,  
As surely as the winds shall bear us on,  
The sea erewhile shall end, and then the land:  
But for my men, my faithful mariners,  
Whom I have trained to vigilance and care,  
And who have served obedient to my will,—

What else can I than I must pity them?

For I must pardon them some slight offense,  
When they have murmured at the distance vast,  
Which separates them from their native coast:  
Then patience is my duty as with them.

And if the light I saw just now should prove,  
Like ignis-fatuous, and no land be there;  
Still, while I rule the deck, I shall sail on;  
Land or no land, I will command my ship:  
My prow shall still point to the west, for me  
The shores of India, or an ocean grave.

*(Cry of "Land!" and a canon fired.)*

*(Enter a ship officer.)*

*Of.* Land! Admiral, land! close on our star-board bow, and full in sight

*Lol.* Lie to till day; so signal to ships.

*(Exit Officer.)*

O God! in whom my trust is ever fixed,  
I knew thou wouldst be merciful to me;  
I thank thee, as I do adore thy name. *(Exit.)*

SCENE VII. Shore of the Island of San Salvador.  
Tableau of the Landing of Columbus.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. Barcelona. Hall in the Royal Palace.

KING FERDINAND and QUEEN ISABELLA, on a Canopied Throne. Courtiers, Guards and other Attendants.

*Enter COLUMBUS and train of Cavaliers.*

*Fer.* We proudly welcome you, Sir Admiral:  
Our court is honored by your safe return.

*Isa.* Be seated by our side, Don Christoval;  
And we would gladly hear from your own lips,  
The story of your marvellous voyage, sir:  
Those new lands, and the wonders they contain.

*Col.* No prouder act is left unto me now,  
Than this relation to your Majesties;  
We sailed and sailed a thousand leagues away,  
Into the west, beyond the coast of Spain:  
We had some storm, but none to mar our course;  
And no vexatious calms to hold our ships;  
We steered straight on, and soon the sea was smooth,  
Smooth as the Guadalaquiver, at Seville:  
The east wind blew a soft and steady gale,  
So that for days and weeks we had no need  
To shift a sail, or change our helm an inch:  
While not a cloud disturbed the lovely blue,  
Of skies that ever smiled serenely clear;  
The air was balmy as in early spring,  
And all that lacked was song of nightingale,  
To take the mind, in brightest fancy, back  
To April morn in Andalusian vales.

My seamen murmured at the long delay,  
Still sailing, sailing, yet no land in sight;  
Their minds oppressed with kindred dread and awe,  
Of mystery in the unknowable beyond:  
League after league between them and their homes,  
And all before them was the heaving sea:  
Yet faithful still, though some at times would weep,  
And some cry out, "About ship! Back to Spain!"  
Oft did I reason with them but to soothe  
Their fears and sorrows, that I might not wrong,  
With act of harshness, my authority.  
Three score and ten days did our voyage last,  
And then, at midnight, came the cry of "Land!"  
The morning showed us, with its wondering light,

A beauteous isle, shrined in a summer sea.  
I named the isle, for you, San Salvador.

*Isa.* Your story, Admiral, has all the charm  
Of Romance and reality all in one:

Spare not your words, for we delight to hear  
Of all your ventures in those wondrous lands.

*Col.* We raised your standard there beside the  
cross,

And tarried three days at that isle; and then,  
We set our sails, still steering to the west:  
A gentle wind blew am'rously and we,  
In three days' sailing, reached another coast,—  
A land called Cuba, in the native tongue,—  
But whether island or peninsula,  
My time did not permit me to explore;  
But, as I think, it is the jutting point  
Of farthest India out into the sea.

And next we came to majestic isle,  
Named Hayti, by the natives, meaning high,  
Whose air is dew and sweetness, like the breath  
Of Paradise; with limpid streams that flow  
Forever seaward, through a virgin maze,  
Of mountains and of valleys, always green;  
And smiling in its Eden loveliness,  
As with fresh touches of the Maker's hands;  
And from its shores the breezes bore to us  
The aromatic odors of the east.

Hispaniola is the name I gave  
To that bright isle, in compliment to Spain.  
But coasting there at night, the weather calm,  
My master of the deck, in thoughtless mood,  
My orders put aside and feel asleep:  
The shipboy at the helm steered heedlessly  
Into the breakers, and my ship was wrecked.  
Then it was that my voyage abruptly closed:  
I built a fort upon the Hayti coast,  
And manned it with a part of my wrecked crew,  
Who had the mind to linger on that isle;  
And with my one light caravel in trim,  
I turned my prow, and laid my course for Spain.

*Fer.* I hope, Sir Admiral, you found those isles  
Full of the rich productions which make up  
The great wealth-giving commerce of the east?

*Col.* The evidence is sure that richest mines  
Of gold exist somewhere upon those coasts;  
For in our scanty time, these specimens  
Were brought to us by willing native hands,  
Exchanged for trifles, which they valued more;  
And, sir, with cause, I think we there shall find  
The precious gums and spices of the east.

*Isa.* And tell us of the natives of those isles;  
Are they not ripe for converts to our faith!

*Col.* I do believe, of all upon this earth,  
None are more gentle, loving, true, than they:  
Their deeds are kindness, and their ways are peace;  
No guile does ever maim their simple lives;  
All naked though they be, they know it not:  
I speak for them, in all sincerity,  
As fit aspirants to our holy creed.

*Isa.* Sir Admiral, all titles and rewards  
Which we can give to you, are slight indeed,  
To recompense your noble services:  
Here is your patent to perpetuate  
Your Viceroy, rank, and its authority  
Unto your issue as unto yourself:  
Likewise, we have commanded you to take  
A coat of arms to suit your dignity,  
Our royal arms be quartered with your own;  
And with the legend telling that you gave  
To our Castile and Leon A NEW WORLD.

Come, let us now bow down, with humble hearts,  
And join Te Deum with our gratitude. [*Exeunt.*]  
[*Te Deum chanted.*]

## SCENE II. Barcelona. A Public Place.

*Enter COLUMBUS and GONSALVO.*

*Gon.* So, Admiral, thou hast won thy luck at  
last;

Since first thou didst relate thy plans to me,  
I never doubted its accomplishment:  
And I rejoice with thee most heartily;  
No more to beg thy way from court to court,  
To offer kings a brand new ocean world.

*Col.* Gonsalvo, 'Twas thy friendship helped me  
on,

When kings have sent me hungry on my way;  
When thou hast made thy voyage, and hast found  
That western land? Didst thou not say it thus?  
There is thy gold,—my thanks outstrip my words.

*Gon.* Well, be it thus; thou hast it now to spare,  
And thou hast done me just as good a turn:  
Back to my pocket go; and yet, alas!  
It will have little chance to jingle there:  
At this delightful hour, when thou art flush,  
A soldier's luck is mine,—a dried-up purse—  
And thou hast filled it with the oil of life.  
But here comes one; I think we know him, sir?

*Col.* Fonseca?

*Gon.* The same, but with his dignity increased:  
The King but lately has promoted him;  
Lord bless you, sir, he is a bishop now;  
The King's close minister,—ah! he is here.

[*Enter Fonseca.*]

*Fon.* Your pardon, gentlemen; 'tis but to speak  
My compliments to you, Sir Admiral:  
Your grand achievement, in our country's heart,  
Embalms you first and greatest of all men;  
Proclaiming you the appointed one of God,—

*Col.* Sir, do not flatter; it becomes you not:  
Have you not heard the saying old and true,  
That flattery is the shadow of a fool?

[*Exit Columbus and Gonsalvo.*]

*Fon.* And this to me? The upstart foreigner?  
High-mettled in his own vainglorious thought:  
He needs it much, and he shall have the cause,  
More than he likes, to cool his heated pride:  
While through my hands all his affairs must pass,  
I shall know how, quite well, to humble him.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE III. The Interior of the Island of Hispaniola.

*Enter a ship captain and several mariners.*

*1st Mar.* Captain, can you tell us what is our  
reckoning now?

*Cap.* According to my exact calculations, we  
are floating around somewhere in the center of the  
Island of Hispaniola. The Admiral ordered me,  
when we left the ship, to steer a straight course  
northwest by north, and make a stretch of twenty  
leagues, and then cast anchor, and here we are.  
But if you can tell one place from another, on this  
blessed island, it is more than I can. Go forward,  
and keep a sharp look out, and hail us whatever  
craft heaves in sight. [*Exit 1st Mariner.*]

*2nd Mar.* If you please, Captain, do you know  
how long it is to last, this voyage on foot?

*Capt.* Far as I can judge in this foggy weather, we are nearing land, and will soon be in port. We may be there now, for all I can say. Then the next thing is to find the gentleman to whom our cargo is consigned by the Admiral's orders. Supposing his copper-colored highness, the cacique with the yard-long heathen name, has any place to live in that may be found? Super cargo ahoy! fall aft, and bring the cargo with you (*Enter 3rd mariner with box.*) Is the cargo all ship-shape, and order good?

*3rd Mar.* Ay! Ay! sir. Just as it was stowed away. All ready for inspection, sir.

*Cap. (examining box)* Jewsharps; fishhooks; ribbons; beads; sugar; buttons;—It is a well selected cargo the Admiral has freighted us with? Our return cargo will be somewhat heavier, and more valuable, if we only have half the luck the Admiral expects.

*3rd Mar.* What say you, Captain, the Admiral will soon be a rich man, if we keep on finding gold for him?

*Cap.* It is not for himself, make you sure of that. It is to take back to Spain, to show the King and Queen, and prove this is India.

*4th Mar.* Is this island a part of the Indies, think you, Captain?

*Cap.* The Admiral has labeled it India, and all we have to do is to read the label.

(*Enter 1st Mariner.*)

*1st Mar.* A strange craft bearing down upon us, sir, manned with a big crew, mostly females.

*Cap.* Let them lay alongside, and come on board. This must be our friend the cacique and all his family.

(*Enter a crowd of natives, male and female. An Indian comes forward, offering a piece of gold.*)

*Cap.* Now here's a fine specimen of it. We'll try its weight. Fifty ounces of pure gold. And the King's eyes will sparkle when he sees that lump. Why, it out-values the King's crown. Give him a jewsharp.

*1st Mar.* Ho! shipmate. Come take your first lesson in music. (*Plays jewsharp for Indian.*)

*Cap.* Another lump? Forty ounces of pure gold again: Give him a fishhook—give him two. Let us be generous. And this fair maid,—she has a lovely chunk. Thank you, my dear. Thirty ounces of virgin gold: Give her a string of beads. She seems such a nice young lady, too,—throw in a piece of ribbon. Come hither, my pretty one,—what have you? Twenty-five ounces of fine gold. Give her a lump of sugar. Throw in a button. (*Other Indians exchange pieces of gold for articles out of the box.*) Bear a hand, super-cargo, and stow your freight for our homeward voyage. Now we'll see the Admiral put on his daybreak smile.

(*Exit mariners, and Indians dance.*)

SCENE IV. Isabella; Island of Hispaniola; the first settlement in America.

*Enter COLUMBUS and BARTHOLEMW.*

*Bar.* Ay, Admiral; but unknown to thyself, Thou didst offend these men most grievously, When thy success hath made thy greatness shine To pale their puny orbs of petty pride: Did it not set their rauc'rous hearts ablaze, When Spain, on tiptoe, stood to welcome thee? And when the King and Queen stepped from the throne,

To honor thee with royal fellowship?

*Col.* And how can envy lead their hearts astray, In wanton acts to mar my best designs? Is not my toil to make their country great? As Spain grows rich, shall they not thrive the more?

No, brother, for it passes my belief; And let us not be hasty while we judge.

*Bar.* The honest heart that knows no guileful thought

Or envious feeling, can not well suspect The treachery that lurks behind a smile. Admiral, I entreat thee to beware

Of men whose trade is to deceive the King: And of them all, keep thou thy keenest eye Upon Fonseca, for he is the chief, And most inveterate of thine enemies; A priest who shames the very cloth he wears; His bishop's rank the product of intrigue: The King's colonial minister is he, To subject to his malice and his hate All thy affairs as Admiral and Viceroy.

*Col.* Ah! now I do recall that man's ill-will, Most plainly shown in tedious delay

To furnish out my present voyage for me.

I take thy warning, brother; I shall heed.

(*A salute of cannon.*)

What can that mean? A Ship just in from Spain?

*Bar.* Ay! there she is.—a King's ship, by the flag;

And may it be some pleasant news for us.

(*Exit both.*)

SCENE V. The same. Another part of the settlement, with view of the shore and harbor.

*Enter a group of colonists, in rough and ragged attire.*

*1st Col.* So, they tell me a new governor is come.

*2nd Col.* And what is it they want with two governors? Is not one enough? In faith, the Admiral is too much of a governor for me

*1st Col.* But the new governor is to take the Admiral's place. Where be your ears, and you haven't heard that, too?

*3rd Col.* What, then, has the Admiral done, to be dismissed from his office?

*1st Col.* Why, if what's said about him be true, he's been taking care of himself a little too sharp to please the King, and so the Admiral hears from it.

*2nd Col.* That's a trifling bit to what he has done. Think of the insults he has offered to us gentlemen, who come here to colonize this island? Has he not put soldiers over us, and made us work in the field? And when we kick against his discipline, has he not cut off our rations, and fed us on bread and water? Could anything be more shameful to us Spanish cavaliers?

*4th Col.* Indeed, you are right, comrade. The bloated arrogance of this low-bred foreigner does not suit the son of a grandee like myself. Away with the Admiral, say I. (*Shout and flourish of trumpets.*) See, comrades, here he comes,—the new governor.

(*Enter Francisco Bobodilla, as governor; an alcalde, and a rabble of mariners and colonists.*)

*Bob.* Alcalde, read the order: let them hear Our sovereigns' mandate as therein declared

*Alc. (reads)* "To all men holding authority



under us, and all our loyal subjects, in our islands and terra firma of the Indies, greeting: Know ye, that we have this day appointed our trusty and well-beloved servant, Don Francisco Bobodilla, to be our governor of the said islands and terra firma of the Indies, with full civil and criminal authority; and ye are all commanded to respect and obey him as our immediate viceroy.

Done by us at our palace of the Alhambra, in our royal city of Granada, on this day the 21st of May, in the year of our blessed Lord one thousand four hundred and ninety-nine.

"Ferdinand of Aragon."

"Ysabel of Castile and Leon."

*Bob.* Alcalde, do ye summon forth, at once, Don Christoval Colon, the late viceroy. Likewise his brother, Don Bartholemew, Whom he lieutenant governor has styled: And give them my command that they appear Bef me, in account for their misdeeds. And I the royal pleasure do proclaim, To grant, to every man upon this isle, A license full and free to search for gold.

(*Exit Bobodilla, Alcalde, and guards.*)

*1st Col.* Do ye hear it, comrades? Nothing to do now but to draw our rations and hunt for gold. Long live the new governor!

*All.* Long live the new governor!

*2nd Col.* No more work for us. Thanks to the new governor. Down with the Admiral!

*All.* Down with the Admiral.

SCENE VI. The same. A room in the Governor's House.

*Enter COLUMBUS, BARTHOLEMW, BOBODILLA  
ALCALDE and attendants.*

*Bob.* Admiral, the royal order has been read, Proclaiming me the governor of these isles; Then, be you loyal to their Majesties: Your only duty, sir, is to obey.

*Col.* Senor Bobodilla, be it your wish To judge my loyalty to King and Queen, Then do so as you will, for I care not A single pennyworth what you may think: Had I not given these new lands to Spain, King Ferdinand would have no need to send Another man to govern in my stead.

*Bob.* Alcalde, read the letter; there you have More things for you to ponder and be wise.

*Alc.* "To Don Christoval Colon, our Admiral of the ocean seas; this to him greeting: It is our will that you surrender to Don Francisco Bobodilla, our governor of the islands and terra firma of the Indies, the fortress, ships, houses, arms, ammunition, and all other property whatsoever, belonging to us, and committed to your charge; and you are commanded to do this, and, delay not, under penalty of the punishment due to disobedience to our royal will."

*Col.* The Queen gives credence to this letter, too?

*Bob.* There is her royal hand, see for yourself.

*Col.* That hand is plain enough, but not more plain, Than that some dev'lish tongues have urged the Queen

To do what she most gladly will undo, Soon as she learns the wrong it does to me.

*Bob.* Be not so sure of that, Sir Admiral: The Queen has heard a tiny part, indeed,

Of misdemeanors rank against the crown, Which blacken all your conduct in these isles.

*Col.* Senor Bobodilla, can you not guess How much I spurn the prattling knaves at court, Whose slanders do pollute the royal ears? And yet have I a curious wish to know What charges they would file against me there.

*Bob.* The list is long, as you will shortly find; You have misused all your authority, Entrusted to you by their Majesties; You have enforced a cruel discipline, Upon a toiling people, and you have Inflicted unjust punishment on them, For slightest act against your rigid rules: And with unsparing hand, you have imposed Ignoble tasks on Spanish gentlemen: You have secreted pearls and other spoils, Of precious value, and have gathered gold To swell your private gain, and thus have barred Your Sovereigns' right to profit in these seas: And what the Queen has heard, and most abhors; You have oppressed these island natives, too, With bloody wars and bondage, granting them No choice of free conversion to our faith.

*Col.* Why, sir, did I not scorn to waste a smile On uncouth folly, with its blackened scum, Stirred by your senseless story, it would be A something fit for laughter, and no more. I know my way, and it is not to let My rashness best my judgment for your sake: I leave you to your honors easy won; And once in Spain, my task is swift and sure, To meet the Queen, and set myself aright.

(*Going.*)

*Bob.* But hold, sir, not so fast: Attention, guards!

(*Enter captain of the guard and soldiers.*) There are your prisoners,—go take them hence. (*Soldiers seize Columbus.*)

*Bar.* Avast ye! Off, ye lubbers! Touch him not! (*Draws and assaults soldiers.*)

*Col.* Nay, brother, curb thy wrath, and smite thou not; Let us submit ourselves, and wait our time.

*Bob.* Away with them, on board the caravel; And keep them close for all your heads are worth. (*Columbus and Bar. led away prisoners.*)

Now if Fonseca does his part in Spain. As I obey his wish, and do mine here, Then this man's bold career is at an end. We only need that we convince the Queen; And whether fair or foul, but we shall have The damning proof to clinch each charge for him. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VII. The Cabin of a Caravel. COLUMBUS a prisoner.

(*Enter captain of the guard with irons.*)

*Cap.* Sir, the governor has sent you some pairs of bracelets: not of gold, either, but solid steel. Also sending his compliments, and bidding me ask you, will you be so good as to put them on, and forbear further trouble?

*Col.* Come, fellow, hush your chatter, and make known

What 'tis you have to do, and do your work.

*Cap.* The governor said to me,—Go do it! and so, being a soldier, where is my choice but to obey?

*Col.* A soldier? And how long since you served me,

As scullion, and I made of you a cook ?  
But your new master is both kind and quick  
To raise you up so soon above yourself.

*Cap.* These are quick times, Admiral, and quick  
changes come to most of us. But there's the gov-  
ernor on deck waiting to know his order is obeyed.  
So, sir, my duty must be done.

(*Puts the irons on Columbus.*)

*Col.* Your duty, as you call it, is but slight;  
Yet more of trouble to you than of shame :  
Go forth and tell your master he has found  
One base enough to do his baser will.

(*Exit captain of guards. Scene closes on Columbus.*)

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Granada. Room in the Alhambra.

*Enter QUEEN ISABELLA and attendants, and FONSECA.*

*Isa.* Now what means this, Lord Bishop ? You should know ;

This letter tells me strange and wretched news :  
My Admiral in chains ? Who gave to me  
My ocean empire ? He like felon bound ?  
Now, by what right, or what authority,  
Has thing so vile been done ? Come, answer me.

*Fon.* Madam, in truth, I do not know the cause.

*Isa.* Nay, sir, have care ; do you not madam me :  
It is not in my mood to have from you,  
But sorry words, when I do will to hear  
The things that 'tis your place to answer for.  
And cause indeed : By what strange act, think you,  
Could be a cause the Admiral should wear  
The shameful fetters of a man of crime ?

*Fon.* Pardon, your Majesty : I have but heard  
A rumor of disloyalty to you ;  
That he is plotting to bereave your crown  
Of all discov'ries he has made for you ;  
And therewith his allegiance change from you  
Most handily to Portugal or France.  
Perhaps 'twas that which prompted such harsh means.

*Isa.* And why perhaps ? You bring your doubts to me,  
And spread suspicion with a liberal hand,  
When I have asked for things which you should know.

A pretty minister, and serves us well,  
Whose duties are besmirched by ignorance.

*Fon.* By your consent, and please your Majesty,  
I shall search out this rumor till I find  
If it be false or true, or what the source.

*Isa.* Why talk to me of rumors you may hear ?  
When rumors thicken and befoul the air,  
As snowflakes driven by the winter's storm :  
I caution, you, Lord Bishop, be you sure  
You bring no charge that may outweigh the proof ;  
Or else be it your turn to wear the chains,  
Which have oppressed the Admiral's aged limbs.

*Fon.* It is not in my thought, your Majesty,  
To risk complaint against the Admiral,  
Awaiting the report which soon must come  
From Bobodilla, governor of the isles,—

*Isa.* And when I signed the letters patent sent,  
To briefly supersede the Admiral,  
Then who but you, with fine delusive words,  
Mised my mind and heart to do an act  
Which now I know was hasty and unjust.  
Be wary, sir, or find that I am not

So prodigal of patience I can bear  
More nauseous draughts of falseness and deceit.

*Fon.* I would regret to harm the fame of one  
Whose service to the state has rendered him  
Quite worthy of your Majesty's esteem.

*Isa.* And with all that, sir, do you not forget,  
That I shall hold injustice done to him  
As prime disloyalty, henceforth, to me.  
I have sent post to Cadiz my command,  
The instant it is there, the Admiral  
Will be released, and bidden to our court :  
Here you can face him sir, and I shall judge.

(*Exit Queen and attendants.*)

*Fon.* A Queen is she, and yet a woman still ;  
And being woman, God has fashioned her  
With reason crushed beneath her sympathies :  
But, well for me, the heart of Ferdinand  
Has no such weakness to o'ermatch my strength ;  
Awhile to her soft humors leave the Queen,  
And study to make strong the King's right hand,  
Then with it strike the blow too long withheld.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II. The same. An Audience Hall in the Alhambra

(*Enter KING FERDINAND, QUEEN ISABELLA, and attendants, and COLUMBUS.*)

*Isa.* Let not your sorrows, past, Sir Admiral,  
Becloud the joys which crowd into our hearts,  
While we partake with you your welcome home.

*Fer.* Sir, of our favor, be you well assured :  
Our pleasure and our duty join therein

*Col.* Most glad am I to know your Majesties  
Will not allow your ears to hearken to  
The rude reports that did me grievous wrong.  
Since when I sailed from Palos, until now,  
I have not veered an atom from my course  
Of true and patient loyalty to you.

As God vouchsafed to me the willing task,  
I gave the keys into your royal hands,  
To unlock the gateway of the ocean sea.  
And all my actions have one purpose had,  
To magnify the glory of your crown :  
Although, it may be, my viceregal sway,  
Beset with difficulties numberless,  
Did lack the wisdom that experience gives.

*Isa.* Then rest your heart, and take no further care ;

We have no thought to doubt your loyalty.

*Col.* A sordid nature, truly, mine would be,  
If your sweet courtesy, and gen'rous words,  
Did not afford to me my full content  
And yet remains the hope that I may have  
My office and its dignities restored ;  
That do I ask, and with it your consent  
To sail another voyage, that you may know  
How well deserved is your trust in me.

*Isa.* Our royal honor would at hazzard lie,  
Did we not grant your just and lawful due,  
Restoring you to your official rank :  
Another squadron shall be fitted out,  
That you may sail your western voyage again,  
And of your skill to reap the rich reward.

(*Exit all.*)

SCENE III. The Coast of Jamaica. The Deck of Columbus' Ship stranded.

*Enter PORRAS, and a throng of mutineers.*

*Porras.* Shipmates, are we to stay here more weeks and manths to starve and die on this

wrecked ship? Are we longer bound to obey the Admiral, and he keeps us here to starvation and death?

*All.* No; away with the Admiral!

*Lead.* Here are canoes, and shall we not embark in God's name than wait here till hunger and disease shall end our lives? As for me, I am off for home. All who choose may follow me

*All.* Lead on! we'll follow you

*Porras.* Yes; all who obey me shall see Castile again, and 'shortly, too, in spite of the Admiral.

*All.* To Castile! To Castile! Death to the Admiral.  
(*Enter Bartholemew, armed with a lance*)

*Bar.* What mean ye by this armed disorder, men?

Would ye besiege the Admiral's quarterdeck?

Hot mutiny and cold murder in your wake?

Avast ye! He who puts a craven foot

Beyond that line, to touch the Admiral,

Dies like the hound whose madness brings him death.

His carcass in shark's maw shall find a grave.

*Porras.* Against you, Don Bartholemew, we have no quarrel. But, sir, be well advised: we are ten to one of you and yours, and we will obey the Admiral no more. From this hour, we shall be our own masters.

*Bar.* Not while you tread this deck, now mind it well;

Still on this ship the Admiral is king;

Who disobeys must face the penalty,—

A halcyon for a halter, be his fate.

Go forward men, and press no farther aft.

(*Enter Columbus, ill and infirm.*)

*Col.* Hold, brother; be not rash; leave this to me:

Know ye, my men, this thing which ye would do

Is mutiny, and mutiny is death?

Have we not toiled together, day and night?

Have we not suffered hardships hand in hand?

Of dangers have we not all shared alike?

What grievance, then, have ye, that is not mine?

I beached this worn-out ship upon this shore,

To save her rotting piecemeal in the waves,

And did for you all that my skill embraced:

Then what to do but to send our messengers,

And wait the rescue, which must surely come?

You love your lives, nor wish to leave this ship,

No more than I, who am accountable

For your welfare, to God and to the Queen.

*Porras.* Our duty to you is done, Admiral.

Shipmates, we must look out for ourselves. Come.

(*Shout. Mutineers launch canoes and leave the ship. Scene closes on Columbus and Bartholemew.*)

SCENE IV. The same. The beach, with view of Columbus' Wrecked Ship. Moonlight. The Moon Eclipsed.

*Enter COLUMBUS, weak and decrepid.*

*Col.* For twelve months cast upon this dreary coast,

Yet no relief, and almost hope is gone:

Desertion has linked hands with mutiny,

And famine threatens us its deadly grasp.

It comes to this, that I must yield myself,

For such slight food these islanders can serve,

To practice on them this poor stratagem:

Yet in our need, what moral law forbids

To turn their superstition to our good.

(*Enter Bartholemew.*)

*Bar.* The moon seems in a cheery mood to-night;

See how she meets thy wishes, Admiral?

And as it proves, our plan has worked quite well;  
For here they are, and each one bears his part  
Of needful things for us;—thanks to the moon.

*Col.* Then, brother, let our faith be fast and firm;

Call it not luck, but name it Providence.

(*Enter train of Indians, with calabashes of provisions. They make an offering of the same to Columbus. They kneel around Columbus to adore him. Columbus signifies to Indians that he is pleased, and the moon brightens. A signal gun. Enter ship captain.*)

*Oap* A ship standing in shore, Admiral: We are saved

(*Exit Columbus, Bartholemew and Captain. Indians dance.*)

SCENE V. Segovia. A Street.

*Enter COLUMBUS (in mean attire, and ill), and GONSALVO DE CORDOVA.*

*Gon.* Yes, Admiral; the news is sad for us: Alas! yet true, indeed, our Queen is dead.

*Col.* God send his mercy; I do need it now:

Forever gone! God-summoned to the skies!

My royal mistress, my beloved Queen!

My friend of friends, the one by God ordained,

To know His purpose, and to help it on:

Then what is life to me, without the hand

That guided and controlled my destiny.

*Gon.* Have courage, Admiral; it is not thy way To yield to luck, or—call it what thou wilt:

Our Queen is dead; God bless her memory,—

Yet far from friendless art thou in her death.

*Col.* It would be so, were all hearts like to thine;—

And I could call back Gonsalvo from the past:

All that which makes me sure thou art my friend.

The shadows of the years are length'ning fast,

And darken round me as my night draws on;

While yet the morn of splendor lights thy fame,

And Spain's Great Captain all men call thee now:

Not like the fawning crowd that I have known;

In my success, thou didst not flatter me,—

In my decline, thou dost desert me not.

*Gon.* Come, Admiral, put thy gloomy thoughts away,

And furbish up thy joy for happier things:

King Ferdinand may yet, by tardy act

Of royal justice, make thy future bright.

(*Exit both.*)

SCENE VI. The same. Cabinet of King Ferdinand.

*Enter KING FERDINAND and FONSECA.*

*Fon.* Our Admiral is on hand again today;

In ante-chambered solitude, he waits

Your presence for another audience, sire.

*Fer.* Still petitioning? Ah! the tiresome man;

I would the Lord might take him to himself,

And rid me of his importunities:

Go speak to him, Lord Bishop,—send him off;

Make my excuse, whatever 'tis you choose.

*Fon.* And may it please you, sire; pray do not that:

He is too strong among the people yet;

Nobles and high-born ladies call him friend;

The rabble follow close upon his heels,  
And shout their welcome to him in the street.

*Fer.* Then if we must, we will; (*to attendant*)

Go bid him in :

The cost is nothing thus to humor him;  
While trusting that this meeting be our last.

(*Enter Columbus.*)

*Col.* In the dear name of right and justice, sir,  
And by my faith and loyalty to you,  
And in sweet memory of your Sainted Queen,  
Once more I ask of you your kindly ear:  
I claim no more than by your bond to me,  
You promised, when I first set sail, to lay  
The spoils of all the Indies at your feet.  
For long arrears, due from my tithe of gain,  
However just, I do make no demand;—  
My simple wish is to regain from you  
All my viceregal rank and dignities,  
Whereof I am most wrongfully bereft:  
Or that my son, my sole and rightful heir,  
May have my office, ruling in my stead,  
As in your patent, it was named to me:  
Then I may find a far and quiet spot,  
For that repose which age and weakness crave.

*Fer.* Be counseled, Admiral, and resign to me,  
With all its rights, your office of viceroy:  
A ducal title, then, accept of me,—  
Estates in Castile, where you can retire,  
With revenues to match your lordly rank.

*Col.* By Him who made me, sir, that will I not:  
I could not, sir, for my viceroyalty  
To me is as your sovereignty to you:  
Without it, my life's toil is vainly spent:  
Then shall it be that I surrender it?  
No, never, sir,—not for your crown and throne.

*Fer.* If you will not admit that fair exchange,—  
Content you, sir, and know my purpose is,  
Soon as the time allows, to right your claims.

*Col.* I take your royal word, yet with the hope,  
Your royal act may follow speedily,

Else on this earth it be too late for me.

(*Exit Columbus.*)

*Fon.* Sire, have in mind your kingly privilege,  
Of promise kept, or broken, which you please.

*Fer.* Lord Bishop, you must live for many  
years,

And gain the serpent's wisdom thrice distilled,  
To teach me statecraft or the wiles of kings.

(*Exit both.*)

SCENE VII. Valladolid. A mean chamber in a  
common Inn.

COLUMBUS (*ill, and reclining in a chair*) and  
GONSALVO DE CORDOVA.

*Col.* As God directs, Gonsalvo, it must be:  
I shall obey his summons joyfully,  
Save, going hence, I leave my work undone.

*Gon.* Unfinished, Admiral, but not undone:  
And generations shall record thy name,  
Not more in brass and marble, sir, than in  
The imperishable form of human love.

*Col.* Gonsalvo, I can claim no act of mine  
Full worth the admiration of the world,  
But that which God himself hath done through me:  
And I His agent must now yield my task  
To stronger hands, for I have but obeyed  
The high command, to open wide the gates,  
That other feet than mine may enter in:—  
This weakness here,—this coldness in my limbs,—  
My head grows dizzy,—help me to my couch:—  
True heart to me, Gonsalvo, to the end.

(*Lies down on couch.*)

Take back, O Lord, the soul thou gavest to me!

(*Dies.*)

*Gon.* There, noble spirit, rest thee from thy toil!  
And centuries be cycles, still thy fame  
Shall brighter grow,—thou Conqueror of the Sea!

THE END.



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